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It's the Nova Scotia Good Times, winter edition.
Featuring: Cape Smokey, Highlands National Park,
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accommodation for true ski-bums. See your Travel
Agent, or phone Keltic, (902) 285-2539.

Cape Smokey.Keltic

CAPE SMOKEY/KELTIC SKI PRICES
For further information see your Travel Agent or phone Keltic: (902) 285-2539

| Prices quoted per person | WEEKEND • 2 nights room • 2 breakfasts • 2 suppers • 2 days lifts & transfers | | | | MINI-WEEK • 4 nights room • 5 breakfasts • 5 suppers • 5 days lifts & transfers | | | | FULL WEEK • 6 nights • 7 breakfasts • 7 suppers • 7 days lifts & transfers | | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|-------|-------|-------|---|---------------|--------|--------|--|---------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| | Persons | | | | Persons | | | | Persons | | | | | |
| Room Occupancy | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | | |
| White Birch Inn | 42.00 | 44.00 | 48.50 | 61.50 | 104.50 | 108.00 | 112.50 | 139.00 | 141.50 | 148.00 | 154.50 | 187.00 | | |
| Dormitory Annex | Not available | | | 40.00 | 48.50 | Not available | | 99.50 | 112.50 | Not available | | | 128.50 | 154.50 |
| Rentals | 22.00 | | | | 50.00 | | | | 63.00 | | | | | |
| Lessons | 8.00 | | | | 17.50 | | | | 22.75 | | | | | |

Prices subject to change without notice
Prices include Nova Scotia Hospital Tax on accommodation and included meals.

Bus charters available by calling: Airport Transfer 429-3700

Hermanless Hermits

by Cheryl Downton

"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the group who brought you . . . (insert various **Herman's Hermits** hits) . . . direct from England . . . **Herman's Hermits!**"

Onto the Cohn stage walk four remarkably well-preserved men, presumably in their 30's, presumably **Herman's Hermits**. They break into a barely recognizable screech of 'She's a Muscular Boy' accompanied by much gyration and gymnastics, followed by a rendition of 'I'm Into Something Good' in similar manner. A little audience play, and it's onto a crucified **Eagles** tune, 'Take it Easy'.

Throughout the house there comes a faint buzz, and one brave patron, holder of a \$6.50 ticket, stands up and demands to be heard. The question? "Who are you?" Good question. "Where is Peter Noone?" Another good question. Carl Reid's answer and his resulting insults are not worthy of recording. In short, it is learned that Peter Noone is living in California, and has nothing to do with the present group, and that the reason they call themselves **Herman's Hermits** is because "That's the name of the band." This may be the case, but as evidenced by the people who left at different points throughout the show, a name does not a band make. The publicity for the concert certainly did not inform the buying public of what was in store for them.

The entire show continued to grow from bad to the very worst hype yet to grace the Cohn stage. Included in the 'show' were non stop tasteless jibes ridiculing everything from homosexuality (a 'poem' said to be written by Anita Bryant for Barry 'Boom Boom' Whitlam, the evening's resident ass), to the innocence of youth. (After calling for a female volunteer to join the group in 'singing' 'Mrs. Brown You Have a Lovely Daughter', and getting not the expected buoyant beauty, but thirteen year old Judy, they used the prearranged crudities all the same. As Reid—the present band leader—pointed out, Judy would have been one year of age when the song was a hit—no wonder she didn't know any of the words.)

If one were to attempt to separate all the excess garbage from the concert and to concentrate on the musical offering, it would be a pretty bare plate. The **Hermanless Hermits** had the amps turned up to such a high volume that it was difficult to distinguish much besides an odd word or two through the overpowering sounds of the instruments. Unfortunately, the odd word was enough to indicate that there definitely has been something lost somewhere. This was especially evident during the 'Mrs. Brown You Have a Lovely Daughter' production. More people reached the breaking point and got up to leave—naturally followed by more snide remarks from the stage.

After an hour and a half of distorted sound, no clear diction, insufferable grossness and general degradation, the **Hermanless Hermits** had the audacity to return for an encore. There was no great demand for their return but they were back before they were barely gone—hardly giving those who wished to leave time to reach the aisle. As Reid said, "we were coming back anyway." As one audience member put it, "then why all the hype?" Good Question.